

WHERE JOHN BROWN'S BODY LIES MOULDERING IN THE GROUND

Grave in the Adirondacks Where the Martyr is Buried—The Grave Almost Beneath the Eaves of the Cozy Cottage He Fashioned in the Wilderness Before the Days of Trial—Historic Farm Where He Lived Fast Falling to Ruin—No Repairs Since Made By the Dead Builder

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in his grave." THE song is right; up in the little town of North Elba, N. Y., in the shade of the giant boulder he loved in life, almost beneath the eaves of the cozy little cottage he fashioned in the Adirondack wilderness before those days of trouble and martyrdom came, the body of John Brown has lain all these years.

In his heart. The historic farm is declared today to be in worse condition than it has been in years, and many say the State of New York should bestir herself to care for it.

Pilgrims to the One-Time Home.

Summer guests at the various hotels in this vicinity have begun their annual pilgrimages to the one-time home and grave of the anti-slavery hero, and many have expressed themselves indignantly over the condition in which they find the buildings, and especially the house.

"It is a shame and a disgrace," said one New York man. "I propose to see if something cannot be done about it." The sentiment of the summer visitor

is also voiced by residents of the town of Lake Placid and North Elba. "But what can I do?" asks Reuben Lawrence, the caretaker of the farm and grave, who has held that position for thirty-three years. "I can't go down into my pocket and pay for this work that needs to be done."

"I shingled that roof and paid for it as it is," he continued, pointing toward the barn, where the sagging foundation timbers and wide, gaping cracks in the sides looked oddly enough beneath the comparatively new shingles.

"But that building needs fixing badly," he added, directing attention to the carriage shed leaning heavily against the barn. "People come here and say to me:

Homestead at North Elba.



John Brown's Grave.

"Why don't you keep things up better?" They don't understand that the State authorities are supposed to look after things. No, of course, I ain't to blame, but I don't like to have people think so."

Residents of North Elba and Lake Placid, who have known Mr. Lawrence for years as a thrifty, industrious man, know that whatever blame for the present condition of the John Brown farm may rightly exist none can attach to him. The rear portion of the house has not been repaired since Brown built it years ago, and now it is scarcely habitable, although Mr. Lawrence's family

are obliged to use it for lack of room. The floor timbers were originally supported by huge logs. These have rotted away, allowing the floor to sink and become unsafe. The dropping away of these timbers has also had its effect upon the whole rear portion of the house, causing the roof to sag. In addition, the old shingles have started up so that the roof leaks badly.

The State Responsible.

Persons who have visited the place recently say that the State Forestry Commission, as the body having charge of the property for the State, should at once take steps to prevent the further decay of this part of the house. Other parts of the house are also in bad condition. While all recognize that the home should be preserved as nearly in its original condition as possible, the contention is that to do this steps must be taken to make improvements about the house and other buildings at once.

It is asserted that the total repairs needed on all the buildings would not cost over \$1,000.

Another matter which should receive prompt attention, according to visitors to the farm, is the proper marking of the graves of John Brown's two sons, Oliver and Watson, buried beside their father. These graves are now simply marked by plain wooden stakes, bearing no inscriptions whatever. On Memorial Day small American flags were planted above them, and are still in position, relieving to some extent their

Not His Birthplace.

That John Brown thought much of his peaceful little Adirondack home this last wish reveals. It was not the place of his birth; he had lived in many larger places, in the more fertile lands of the West, in the milder climates he had spent portions of his life; but it was John Brown, the man; not John Brown, the reformer, who made that last simple request. Worn out in a fruitless endeavor, deserted by friends, facing death, John Brown's strife-sickened heart yearned again for that little green dip in the Adirondack hills, for the soft soothing of the trees, for the birds, for the sunshine, for the rolling fields and the blue hills beyond; for that home where he had spent fourteen of the pleasantest years of his life. And he asked to be buried beside the great boulder where he had built that little home many years before. The request was heeded, and his bones lie beside the great boulder, and floating in the buoyant mountain breeze the Stars and Stripes high over head proclaim to the

Settled in New York Mountains to Assist Negroes—His Plan a Failure—Region Too Cold for the Black Man—Many Moved Away

country for miles around that with the little iron rail enclosure is sacred ground.

How He Came to the Adirondacks.

John Brown's history needs not to be repeated, but the manner in which he came to make a home for himself in the Adirondack wilderness is not familiar to all. No man living knows this part of the hero's life better than Reuben Lawrence. Gray haired and bowed with years, he looks himself not unlike the man whose former home he now occupies. He takes a genuine pride in showing visitors about the place and in pointing out the many little things that sweep dry historical records aside and bring the visitor face to face with the real John Brown; that make one feel as if he or she were actually in the midst of that historic family circle of years ago.

The Study.

The study is in the house, of course, the principal point of interest to visitors. This is said to be just as John Brown left it. A little box-like room, with its entrance opening directly off the long piazza running about the side of the house, it would be accounted a poor apology for a library, or study, even in the cheapest of modern houses. Yet there the visitor is told Brown pondered and prayed over many of the weighty problems that presented themselves to him. There he decided the course to be pursued by him in his eventful career. There the visitor is shown the chair he used, his writing cabinet, the bayonet from his old musket, the mirror into which a picture of himself has been fitted, and other minor relics. One picture is pointed out, as declared by his widow, to have been the best ever made of him. It is framed in natural wood with the bark on, and around the edge of the frame is painted, "I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith."

His Scheme a Failure.

John Brown's idea in settling in such an out-of-the-way place as North Elba, in the very heart of the Adirondack Mountains, was simply a part of his in-born desire to assist the down-trodden negroes. To a number of free colored people had been given farms in this locality from Gerrit Smith, and Brown, believing he could help them, also accepted the gift of a tract from Mr. Smith and moved to North Elba in 1849. But his scheme was a failure. The region proved too cold for the colored settlers, and many of them moved away.

His Life Happy.

But it is certain that Brown at no time in his career led a happier, more contented life than he led during the years he lived in the Adirondacks. That he was a man of much resource and executive ability is demonstrated by the farm itself. Although at the time they were built there were few of the aids to building that exist today, the buildings were planned and constructed on a scale generously large for those days. And that they were built on honor is demonstrated by the fact that up to the present time few repairs have been necessary upon them. Now, however, the time appears to have come when, as Mr. Lawrence says, if the historic old buildings are to be preserved in their entirety for years to come, "something must be done."

WAR NEWS SCOOP ON SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

IN the fall of 1864 the writer was the owner and manager of the "Indianapolis Journal." On the morning of November 7 Col. John W. Blake, of the Fortieth Indiana, and Dr. J. W. Valle, surgeon of the Second Indiana Cavalry, arrived in this city and reported that General Sherman had "burned Atlanta, cut loose from his base of supplies, and with his army had started through the enemy's country for the sea." Colonel Blake stated that Sherman had marched before he left, and that General Thomas, who remained behind to take care of Hood, had told him Sherman had said "he was bound for salt water or hell." This was regarded as one of the most important strategic movements of the war. I watched the telegraphic reports with great interest up to 2 o'clock a. m., hoping to receive a confirmation of the news, but it did not come. The Government had control of the telegraph wires south of Louisville, and no hint of that most important movement was received. I then wrote the following:

"Officers who arrived in this city yesterday direct from Chattanooga report that General Sherman returned to Atlanta early last week with five corps of his army, having left two corps in Tennessee, under General Thomas, to watch Hood. They say that Sherman first destroyed the railroad from Chattanooga to Atlanta, and is now sending the iron to the former city. He then burned Atlanta, and marched with his entire army in the direction of Charleston."

"Before him lies the broad expanse of the Gulf and Atlantic States, and he can shape his march to suit his inclinations, for there is no force to bar his progress. Before him is his right is Mobile, around which the gulf forces are slowly concentrating; to his left is Andersonville, a pen in which are rotting thousands of

soldiers; and not an immeasurable distance to the southeast are Savannah and Charleston; to the northeast are Wilmington and Richmond."

"This step is full of daring, but gives great promise of success, and it may be this movement will be the coming feature of the war."

It was double-headed, and put in the most conspicuous place in the paper. This was the first news the country had received of the movement, and it created an immense sensation. As soon as the paper reached Cincinnati the agent of the Associated Press telegraphed the article to all parts of the country. It was curious to note the comments of the press on the announcement. The eastern press generally discredited the news, and a number pointed out the utter absurdity and danger of such a movement and ridiculed the idea of a general cutting-loose from his base and marching through the enemy's country; they predicted that he would be surrounded and captured in a few days. Others predicted that if the news was true it was the most important movement of the war, and had for its object the joining of Grant's and Sherman's forces, which would end Lee. The "New York Times" alone credited the news, and its then manager, John Swinton, said, "although Indianapolis was not a news center, the author of the article was likely to be possessed of such information, and would not have printed it unless it was true."

The Western papers accepted it as true, and stole the news without credit and several of them drew on their imaginations and wrote graphic pen pictures of the burning of Atlanta, which they described as a smouldering mass of ruins, with not a house left standing.

No sooner had the New York papers reached Washington than Gen. A. P. Hovey, then in command of this department, received a telegram from Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, to

require the editor to give the source of his information and report to the Secretary of War. When the morning papers reached General Grant's headquarters an order was telegraphed to all divisions to seize all morning newspapers and turn them over to the provost marshal at once. Gen. R. S. Foster, of this city, was in command of a division under Grant, and afterward told the writer that a few copies of the paper had already been obtained by the pickets and given to the rebel pickets in exchange for Southern papers. This greatly provoked General Grant, who had arranged the "march to the sea" with General Sherman by correspondence sent by special messengers, and without the knowledge of the War Department. Secretary Stanton knew an important movement had been arranged between Grant and Sherman, but the article referred to was the first knowledge he had of its purpose, and was surprised at its publication at Indianapolis, hence his order to General Hovey. He wanted to know how a newspaper man obtained knowledge of so important a movement in advance of either the President or himself.

General Grant immediately dispatched Gen. Horace Porter, of his staff, to this city with an order for the arrest of the manager of the "Journal" unless he gave the source of his information. The second morning after the publication of the news General Porter called on the writer and presented the order. The general was informed that the Secretary of War had already demanded the same facts through General Hovey, and that the general was aware of the sources of our information, as the writer had discussed the matter with the general in the presence of the officers who brought the information, and while the news was of that class designated as "confidential." It was not thought possible to keep it from the

press, as it had become known to a number of officers who remained with Thomas after Sherman had cut loose and started for the sea, and would have found its way into some leading paper inside of forty-eight hours. After talking with General Hovey, General Porter said as the War Department had ordered an investigation he would proceed no further in the matter. He said General Grant was utterly dumbfounded at its publication, as he did not suppose the information was known to any one but himself, General Sherman and his chief of staff and General Porter.

General Grant had expected that the news of Sherman's march would first reach the rebels through their own people, and would create a panic. The War Department denied all knowledge of the movement, and no corroboration was printed in the press reports until the 16th of November. When General Hovey explained to the War Department and General Grant how the news came to be published, no further notice was taken of the matter.

After that the Indianapolis papers were eagerly scanned by Eastern editors for war news, and frequent extracts were made from the letters written by their war correspondents.

General Grant and the writer had a long talk on the incidents connected with the above, since the war, and the general said: "When I first saw the 'Journal's' article in the New York papers, with long editorials calling attention to it, I was greatly astonished, and at once concluded that some officer whom it had become necessary to trust had betrayed the confidence of his superior officer, but," added the general, "it was all right—everything turned out as we expected. And while we often thought the war correspondents and editors overzealous to get early news, we came to understand each other pretty well before the war ended, and got along remarkably well."

THE TRUE STORY OF MORGAN'S CAPTURE

M. R. G. E. JONES, a veteran of the civil war, is working quietly at the Government Printing Office. He seldom talks of war matters, wears no badges, and few of his associates knew that he had a military record. Nor is his ancestry better known, though he was a grandson of Gen. John Sevier, the first governor of Tennessee, elected six terms, who defeated the English under Ferguson at King's Mountain.

Mr. Jones was born in Tennessee and at the time of the civil war joined the Union forces. A conversation with him disclosed the fact that he had taken part in the capture of Col. John H. Morgan, the famous rebel raider, as he was called, and that historians were in error in the sensational history of the capture.

"I have never talked of the matter because I have never been asked, and I did not wish to engage in any controversy, but if you think the facts are of any interest I will give them."

Morgan's raids were the most daring, brilliant and famous of the civil war. The dashing Alabamian was thirty-five years old when the war began. He enlisted at once and soon became a colonel. His raids, begun in 1862, were principally for plunder, though he had in mind at all times the interests of the Confederate cause.

In June, 1863, Morgan started through Kentucky on a raid north. He had with him about 3,500 well-mounted men. There were several skirmishes in Kentucky, in which he was successful, and when he reached the Ohio River his accretions made his forces 4,000 men

mounted and ten guns. He crossed the River seven miles from Louisville, capturing two steamers for the purpose. It was a great army in some respects. Men too old, too young, too fat, too sick to enlist were in the famous "Home Guard," and if rumor be correct, there were some who were men only in the garments they wore. There was no discipline and the arms ranged from a shotgun to a club, but they were after Morgan and Morgan knew it.

At one engagement 300 of his men were captured, and at another fight he lost 800. July 25, at New Lisbon, Ohio, he was compelled to surrender and was taken to the Columbus penitentiary only to escape in November. Early in the spring, having at once joined the Confederate forces, he made a raid into Kentucky, which ended in his death in September.

"History narrates," said Mr. Jones, "that a woman, Mrs. Williams, betrayed him. This is not the fact. I was a telegraph operator, and in August, 1864, was ordered to report to Gen. A. G. Gilliam, in the field at Bulls Gap, by order of Gen. J. M. Schofield. On the night of September 2, we received word by Courier James Dorsey, that Morgan was at Greenville, Tenn. This courier was sent by Capt. Robert Carter."

"On the morning of the 4th we moved from Bulls Gap, and attacked Morgan at Greenville. Morgan was asleep at the house of senior Mrs. Williams, when the house was surrounded. He attempted to escape as he was, in his stocking feet, and with only his underclothing on, but he was shot by James Campbell, who had been a Confederate soldier and who knew him."

"Campbell threw his dead body across his horse, and rode to the headquarters of General Gilliam. 'What have you

there?' asked Gilliam. 'It is Morgan,' replied Campbell. General Gilliam was very angry at what he called brutality, and in not very polite language, and with all the strong language he could think of ordered Campbell to take the body back to the place where he got it."

"The older Mrs. Williams was a Confederate sympathizer, but the wife of a son, a younger Mrs. Williams, who lived with her, was just as strong the other way. It was at once said that she disclosed Morgan's presence in Greenville, and her life was threatened. This gave rise to the story now given in history that a woman betrayed General Morgan. As a matter of fact, the younger Mrs. Williams was four miles in the country when Morgan came to the house, and returned just a few minutes after his death."

"After Morgan's death we fell back to the Gap, and a telegram was sent to Andrew Johnson, military governor at Nashville, stating that Morgan's forces were captured—among them Captain Clay, grandson of Henry Clay—and Morgan killed. Two days later I took a telegram from General Halleck, chief of staff, asking whether a woman had given the information leading to the capture of General Morgan. General Gilliam, who had investigated the facts, replied:

"No woman or woman gave information which led to the capture of General Morgan." These telegrams are no doubt among the records of the War Department. Being the operator who handled them, I remember them well. The Confederate side of the story blames the younger Mrs. Williams has no doubt been accepted as the reliable testimony of the people who were there, but it is not correct, as you see."

Office in the Home.